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Moral Tales.

THE GRATEFUL TURK,
by Thomas Day, Esq.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS,
by Dr. Goldsmith.

THE HORSE,
by Dr. Percival.

PHILLIS AND DAMARIS,
by Miss Talbot.

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THE GRATEFUL TURK.

BY THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

It is too much to be lamented that different nations equently make bloody wars with each other; and hen they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they nfine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The mity that there has often been between many of the lian states, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, sufficiently known. It once happened that a Vene- n ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, ording to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, se unhappy men had been sold to different persons he city. By accident one of the slaves lived oppo- to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only , of about the age of twelve years. It happened this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed r Hamet, for that was the name of the slave, and e at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked he face of the child the appearance of good-nature compassion, used always to salute him with the test courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in company. At length the little boy took such a fan- o the slave, that he used to visit him several times e day, and brought him such little presents as he n his power to make, and which he thought would f use to his friend. But though Hamet seemed ys to take the greatest delight in the innocent car-

esses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden, when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight, that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides had observed that he seldom requested any thing which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself, and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance discovered. At length he said to him, are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk? Yes, said the Turk, I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive: during that space of time, your son, if you are his father, is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer. Indeed, Hamet, said the merchant, he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what can I assist you? for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual

regret and sorrow. Is it wonderful, answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that suddenly animated his countenance, is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature, my liberty? And yet, answered the Venetian, how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters? I am not answerable, said the Turk, for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe. ——Here a tear started from his eye and wetted his manly cheek: instantly, however, he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, God is good, and man must submit to his decrees. The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and said, Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty? What would I do? answered Hamet; by the eternal majesty of heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man. Nay, answered the merchant, you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance. Name them! name them! cried the impatient Hamet; place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink——Patience, answered the merchant, we shall be observed. But hear me attentively —I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped

upon me every injury that can most bitterly sting my heart. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you are born for manly daring. Take this dagger—as soon as the shades of night involve the city, I will myself conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.—At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance: at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, Mighty Prophet! and are these the wretches to which you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved? Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin, for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race! At these words, the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him—but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant went his way. The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might perhaps astonish you; but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons——Christian, interrupted

Hamet, with a severe but composed countenance, cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permit such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan; therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourse, and be strangers to each other. No, answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man! whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free: therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and, perhaps, hereafter when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impossible to describe the exstacies of the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors: I will only add, that he was that day set free, and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept of a purse of gold to pay his expences. Nor was it without the greatest regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kind-

ness had thus produced his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction, that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The frighted servants had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs; and the instant he was down, the stair-case itself gave way, and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape it was only to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon enquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment had been neglected in the general tumult, and was nearly surrounded by the flames. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man that would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which continued to encrease, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction. The unhappy father now lost all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility; when, in this dreadful mo-

ent of general suspense and agony, a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity that shewed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden addition of smoke and flame broke out immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when, on a sudden, they beheld him emerge with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. An universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling preserved, and safe within his arms? After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shewn a man of a noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimmed with smoke and filth, that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. No, answered the stranger, generous merchant, I do not sell my blood. Gracious heavens! cried the merchant, sure I should know that voice!—It is—Yes, exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco, but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of

his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bless God for that captivity, answered Hamet, since it has given me an opportunity of shewing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your gallies, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian that had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom—since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and of gratitude, a willing slave. When Hamet had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after saying every thing that his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused, with the greatest respect but with a generous disdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. You were, said he, my generous

benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service; but since Providence has otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental to the preservation of your happiness. But though the disinterestedness of Hamet made him under-rate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented, without shewing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu. Many years had now elasped since the departure of Hamet into his own country, without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood, and as he had acquired every accomplishment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent disposition, he was generally beloved and esteemed. It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city, and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was upon the point of sailing to that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair, a ship purposely fitted out for war, was seen bear-

ing down upon them, and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness, they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel, was struck with consternation, and seemed already overcome by fear; but the young Francisco drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid shouts upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when upon their nearer approach they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag, the sign of surrendering their ship, and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew

were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent stength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length, a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank, and after glancing his eye over the rest with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain answered, that he would not take less than five hundered pieces of gold for that captive. That, said the Turk, is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour for less than a fifth part of that sum. Yes, answered the captain, but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar. What damage, answered, the other, can he have done you more than all the rest, that you have prized so cheaply? He it was, replied the captain, that animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my bravest sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley. At this, the Turk examined young

Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up, but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child.—It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then recollecting himself he raised his arms to heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor.

He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate, with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire, and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having had the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. Since I have enjoyed this post, added he,

there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians that are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shewn that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men. Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to please and interest them; but when he found that thay were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day, in a ship that was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably encreased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed, and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and, after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Taken from a Byzantine Historian.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized. In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome. In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom. Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed

upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress emotions at once so imprudent and unjust, the frenzy of his mind in a short time became so strong, that it brought on a fever which the physicians judged incurable. During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying man. It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor. In the mean time Alcander not only

felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistance. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publickly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in

he evening, when he was going up to the prætor's hair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ngrateful object to another; for night coming on, he ow found himself under a necessity of seeking a place o lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaiated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens ould harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping n the streets might be attended with interruption or anger: in short he was obliged to take up his lodgng in one of the tombs without the city, the usual reeat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion f horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he orgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found on is flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty. As he continued here, about idnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; ut happening to disagree about the division of their lunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, nd left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In hese circumstances he was found next morning dead t the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a nther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was mmediately examined; and Alcander being found, as apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. he circumstances against him were strong, and the retchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. isfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that e at last became regardless of life. He detested a orld where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, nd cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; nd thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, ound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius.

As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

THE HORSE.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

In the month of June, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus were carried by Hortensia to view the crowds of company, as they passed to the races, which are annually held upon Kersal Moor, near Manchester. The variety of countenances which they saw; the mirth of some, the eagerness of others, and the dissipation of all, furnished a delightful entertainment to their young minds unalloyed by any reflections on the extravagance, gaming, and intemperance which such diversions produce. Whilst they were enjoying this scene of pleasure, they observed two men advancing on a full gallop, spurring and lashing their horses to increase their speed. The day was extremely hot, and one of the horses fell gasping, almost at the feet of Jacobus. The rider, by his agility, instantly freed himself from the stirrups; and rising with fury from the ground, he beat his horse in the most savage and relentless manner. The poor animal was unable to move; and at every stroke of the whip, expressed his agonies by the most piercing groans. In vain the surrounding crowd interceded in his behalf. The tyrant, to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable; and Hortensia withdrew, with her young charge, from a spectacle so painful and distressing. When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill, in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. I know and pity the unhappy horse, said he; and if you will listen to me, I will give you the

particulars of his history. The sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without controul, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept he stood as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground, which entangling his feet made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there; and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. His first colt was the poor animal whose sufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have seen gay, frolicsome, and happy. He was fed in a large pasture where he used to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols and exercises which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and passive, a painful operation was performed upon him by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirit was depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment. Nature had

furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies of summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it; and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument and blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red hot iron. At this instant of time I happened to pass by; and whilst I was pierced to the heart with the sufferings of the horse, I saw the savage who inflicted them, suspend his operation to curse and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: and to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side of it; and the tail was drawn by a cord and pully into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding; and during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and the spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other: and if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury; and, surrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to the present proprietor, whom he has faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys; has borne him with ease and security

many thousand miles; has contributed to restore him from sickness to health, by the gentle exercise which he afforded; and by the swiftness of his feet, he has twice rescued him from robbers and assassins. But he is now growing old; his joints become stiff; his wind fails him; and, urged beyond his speed, on so sultry a day, he fell breathless at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himself; and the owner has since disposed of him, at a low price, to a master of post horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who *gallops* night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service; and, if he survive, he will, probably, be sold to grind in a mill. In this situation, his exercise will be less severe, but almost without intermission; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head; and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow, ere death closes the period of his sufferings.

The children were much affected by this narrative; and Jacobus cried out with emotion, "I love my little horse, and will never abuse him: and when he grows old, he shall rest from his work; and I will feed him, and take care of him till he dies."

PHILLIS AND DAMARIS.

A prose pastoral.

BY MISS TALBOT.

Phillis and Damaris, were two country lasses, the pride of the village where they lived: both handsome to perfection, but exceedingly different. The unaffected Damaris, had no attention but to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illness confined to his cottage, while she tended his flock by the wood side. Her hands were generally employed in some useful work; and while she knit or spun, to procure her old father a more tolerable subsistence, the cheerfulness of her songs expressed a contented heart. Her dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean; she studied no ornament in it, and if the neighbours commended her person, she lent them very little attention. Phillis had been bred up under a careless mother; she was exceedingly pretty and knew it mighty well. On holidays no body so spruce as she. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbands; every fountain was consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morning till night she was dancing and sporting on the green: all the shepherds courted and admired her, and she believed every word they said. Yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland would be less becoming than she wished: sometimes she would fancy that a favourite shepherd slighted her, or that a new face was more admired than her's. Every day was spent in the pursuit of gaiety; and every day brought

with it some disquiet. She was one morning sitting very pensive under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris, who was concealed from her, only by the shade of some bushes, singing, with a merry heart, a song in praise of industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midst of it; and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the distaff, which was fixed on her side: when thus the maid began. *Phillis.* How is it possible, Damaris, that you should always be so merry in leading a life of such drudgery? What charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the may-pole, where some rich farmer's son might probably fall in love with you.

Damaris. Ah, Phillis, I prefer this way of life, because I see you very unhappy in your's. For my own part, I have never a moment's uneasiness. I am sensible I am doing what I ought. I see myself the comfort of a good old father, who supported my helpless infancy and now wants this return of duty in his decrepid age. When I have penned the fold at night I return home, and cheer him with my sight. I dress his little supper and partake of it, with more pleasure than you have at a feast. He, in the mean time, tells me stories of his younger days, and instructs me by his experience. Sometimes he teaches me a song, like that I was singing just now; and on holidays, I read to him out of some good book. This, Phillis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every cheerful hope that can make the heart light and easy.